

EXTRA 2 O'CLOCK. FOOTBALL KINGS

The Great Teams of Yale and Harvard Meet To-Day.

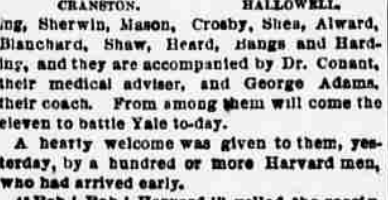
Springfield Full of Excited Students and Graduates.

Betting at Odds of About 5 to 4 on the Blues.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.] SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Nov. 22.—Twenty-four young fellows, whose faces reflect the picture of health and with muscles like steel, and who looked themselves into bed at 10 o'clock last evening at Mrs. Gardner's home on Main street, arose this morning prepared to do or die for the honor of old Harvard in the football game which 15,000 to 20,000 people will see on Hampden Park to-day.

These men are the twenty-four highest honor men in football, as she is played to-day, at the big university.

Their names are: Cumcock, Upton, Finlay, Cranston, P. Trafford, Newell, Ellsworth, Dean, Lake, Corbett, B. Trafford, Lee, Pearson.



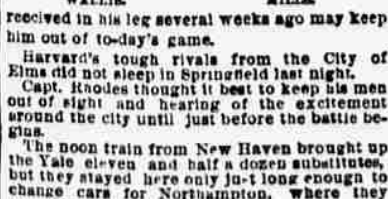
A hearty welcome was given to them, yesterday, by a hundred or more Harvard men, who had arrived early.

"Hah! Hah! Harvard!" yelled the recruiting delegation, and then the Glee Club struck up a droll song of greeting.

Although the great struggle of to-day was the uppermost thought in the minds of each of the athletes in the big brick house, with the red flag festooned over the door and a conspicuous red H staring one in the face as he entered, hardly a word of football talk was heard during the evening.

The boys took a short walk after a hearty dinner, and soon after their return were called on by several members of their college glee club, who entertained them most delightfully until Capt. Cumcock called for lights out.

Only one man in the two dozen is not just as Dr. Conant would like him, and the wren which he



received in his leg several weeks ago may keep him out of to-day's game.

Harvard's tough rivals from the City of Rome did not sleep a wink last night. The Capt. Rhodes thought it best to keep his men out of sight and hearing of the excitement around the city until just before the battle began.

The noon train from New Haven brought up the Yale eleven and had a down substitute, but they played here only just long enough to get their share for Northampton, where they spent the night at the depot.

Those who saw them at the depot were struck with the clean, healthy complexion of Walter Camp's players, healthy complexion of Walter Camp's players, healthy complexion of Walter Camp's players.

While up at the Harvard quarters the Cambridge players were as retired and as little disturbed as they would be in their own college rooms. He "had seen a fellow" who had heard that Holcomb, Yale's plant center, "straight tip" from Mrs. Gardner's and Northampton.

Each train from Boston added to the Harvard contingent a goodly number, while Yale's supporters were more straggling. From Yale of Harvard, chuck full of the latest pointers are

that Harvard would not score; but the only case where a lost was made on the score was one where 700 was wagered against \$1,000 that Harvard would beat Yale by 10 points.

The police to the game were announced to be open at 12.30 o'clock, but the police authorities



now think they will open them at noon, in order to prevent as far as possible a jam at the entrance.

There will be a detail of 300 police to take care of the crowd.

The game is announced to begin at 2.30.

JOSEPH'S SHOT WAS FATAL.

Pretty Annie Moriarty Is Dying from Her Wound.

Young Anderson Has Not Yet Been Captured by the Police.

Pretty Annie Moriarty, who was shot in the temple yesterday by young Joseph Anderson, as was told in THE EVENING WORLD Sporting Extra, is dying at the home of her parents, on the old Gun Hill road, Williamsburgh.

Anderson has not yet been captured. Although it appears from the dying girl's ante-mortem statement that Anderson pointed the revolver at her and deliberately fired, she persists that the shooting was wholly accidental and is desirous of excusing the lad.

Anderson has lived with the Moriarty family about eighteen months. He had been reared in the Catholic Protectorate at Tremont, and after leaving it had spent a few unsatisfactory months with a stepfather named Dwyer, who lives at Washingtonville, Mount Vernon.

Joseph says he was harshly treated by his stepfather, who used to call him about as he pleased. The boy seemed rather spiritless, but possessed two peculiarities—a natural genius for music and a fondness for attempting the most practical jokes.

Patrick Moriarty, the dying girl's father, keeps a saloon at Westfield, a little village just over the Bronx river, a short distance from where the Moriarty live, and here Joseph was brought up. He is a fine-looking young fellow, with a head of hair like his mother's, and a face that is a perfect copy of his mother's.

Annie was cleaning one of the upper rooms in her ante-mortem statement and she says that when Joseph came into the room she asked him to go downstairs and get the dustpan and a broom.

He told her that she wasn't his boss and asked her what she took him for. Then he went after the articles she wanted, and upon his return walked to a window by the head of the bed and picked up a 30-calibre self-loading revolver which belonged to the Italian boarder.

"I'll fix you this time, sure," she says he said, and then he shot her in the temple. Joseph ran downstairs and told Mrs. Moriarty that he had accidentally shot Annie. Together they lifted the girl to a bed, and then Joseph hastened to the house of Dr. A. H. Crump, at Westfield, and telling him that Annie Moriarty had been accidentally shot, he ran home.

Dr. Crump called in Dr. C. A. Becker, of Washingtonville, and they probed for the bullet in Annie's head, but could not find it.

The Kingsbridge police are scouring the country for Joseph Anderson, who has been seen going towards Yonkers.

Annie's elder sister, who has been married Thanksgiving day, and for some days she has been helping to prepare the wedding dress. The girl insists that the wedding shall not be postponed.

Dr. Crump called in Dr. C. A. Becker, of Washingtonville, and they probed for the bullet in Annie's head, but could not find it.

OFF HER FEED AGAIN.

Yip's Forced Confinement Producing a Marked Effect.

The Dog's Failing Appetite May Spoil the Experiment.

Dr. Phelps's Indignation at the Publicity Given Little Johnny Gethus's Case.

The continued reference on the part of the physicians attending little Johnny Gethus and his dog Yip at the Charity Hospital on Blackwell's Island has aroused the curiosity of the public to a far greater degree than a plain statement of facts would have done.

This interest has reached a feverish point, as the time draws nearer when it is expected that Dr. A. M. Phelps will examine the boy's leg so as to discover whether his attempt to re-graft a piece of living canine bone into the bone of a human being has been successful.

It was expected that this examination would be made to-day, but it had not been made when an EVENING WORLD reporter called at the Charity Hospital this forenoon, and no one was able to say whether or not it would be.

All efforts of the reporter to obtain information from Dr. Newman, the House Surgeon in charge of the celebrated boy and dog patients, or to even see that individual, were futile.

Dr. Newman was not to be lured from the cozy little private room at the Hospital's third floor, where his patients are sequestered. His chief, Dr. Phelps, had issued his instructions and Dr. Newman was carrying them out to the very letter.

There seemed to be an impression at the Hospital, however, that no exposure of the attempted bone union would be made to-day, to-morrow or for several days.

It was made at all to-day, which was thought very doubtful, it would not be until late in the afternoon, when Dr. Phelps was expected to make his usual daily visit.

It was hinted this morning that the forced confinement of Yip in his plaster cast was producing a marked effect upon the animal that had again created a trifle of worry in the minds of the physicians.

Yip's lack of exercise, it is believed, has unquestionably caused her to fail, and her former indigestion to eat is said to be again returning.

It is considered probable that if the present attempt to knit Yip's legbone to that of Johnnie's should fall through any accident to Yip, as I or any one connected with the case is concerned.

Since the animal, that has been confined in the Hospital basement as a possible "understudy" to Yip, has developed a sore on her thigh and other serious physical disorders, there is little doubt that she will at once be supplanted by another and more robust canine.

There is little doubt, too, that Johnnie will consent to still another operation in case the present one proves unsuccessful, for an often has his poor little, crooked leg been subjected to the surgeon's knife that it is becoming a sort of second nature to him.

The boy has a remarkable vitality that far surpasses that of many other people and under the careful supervision that he receives is holding out wonderfully.

Dr. Phelps, the surgeon who performed the operation upon Johnnie's leg, was seen at his residence, 40 West Thirty-fourth street, by an EVENING WORLD reporter, this morning, but he still maintained that strict silence, which he has preserved since the first public announcement of the case made by the press.

"I don't want to appear unreasonable in this matter," said the doctor, "and I hardly think the public would so consider me were they aware of all the facts of the case."

There are many interesting operations performed in the interest of science which should not be made public—certainly not before they have proven successful.

"I am a member of the Academy of Medicine, a scientific body, and it was my purpose to have reported this operation and its results to the Academy."

Then if the Academy had seen fit to give the news of the operation and its results to the people, why I would have had no voice in the matter.

"It is a question now if I will be allowed to present this case to the Academy, so great has become the feeling against me since the newspaper have made it public."

"The impression prevails among the medical fraternity that I, myself, gave the story of this operation to the newspapers for the sake of notoriety, and I have actually been ridiculed and sneered at as a man for my supposed violation of the rules of the Academy as well as of the profession."

"This thing has threatened not only my professional reputation and my relations with the various medical institutions with which I am connected, but also my actual financial ruin."

"As is frequently the case, a number of medical students were allowed to be present at the operation, but had I supposed that any one of those present at the clinic was so utterly devoid of common sense, professional honor and decency as to make public the circumstances, I would have excluded every one from the room and performed the operation entirely unassisted."

"A greater injustice could not have been done me, and I have determined that whatever the newspapers or the public learn of this case in the future shall be guess work, so far as I or any one connected with the case is concerned."

"It is true that the Charity Hospital is a public institution and supported by the public, but the public is not especially concerned in his case until the success of the operation has been determined."

"If by any misfortune the boy had died, or erysipelas set in, or a hundred and one other unfortunate circumstances attended the operation, who would have been the first to have scored me without mercy?"

"Why the public and the newspapers, of course."

"Happily the circumstances have resulted differently (Stick a pin in here—it's official) and this criticism has been averted, but every line that is printed about the case makes my position in the medical profession still more unenviable."

"But, Doctor, when will the public be allowed to know of the result of the operation?" persisted the reporter.

"Not until the patient is discharged. Then you can take the boy, and the dog, too, for that matter and do what you please with them, but not before."

"The boy was placed in my charge by his parents, who thoroughly understood what was to be done, and consented to the operation, although they knew that there were possibilities of the operation causing his death. When the parents are and where they live I must decline to say."

"Is this the first time the bone of a dog has been grafted into that of a human being?" "So far as I know of it."

Dr. Phelps has received hundreds of letters from all over the United States from physicians who are interested in the operation and the probable results.

Dr. Phelps will treat their requests courteously, but declares that he will positively ignore any information whatever concerning the case until the result is positively established.

He Had Externalized Gen. Sherman. (SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.) SYRACUSE, N. Y., Nov. 21.—The body of John O. S. Lynch, a once prominent resident of Syracuse, was found in the Oswego Canal here to-day. He had been missing since Wednesday. Of late he had been dissipated and dependent. He and his wife had been estranged several years. Lynch was born in New York City in 1824. His father, James Lynch, came to this city in 1828 and began the salt business, and was very successful. The Lynch salt plant at one time was the most extensive on the Onondaga Reservation. The son continued the business. In 1871 Mr. Lynch overtook Gen. Wm. T. Sherman and his family, and during the same year Gen. Sherman's children lived at the Lynch mansion and attended school. Gen. Philip Sheridan, Gen. Ewing and other prominent men also visited the family. Fourteen years ago Mr. Lynch and his family, consisting of his wife, his son John, and two daughters, went to New York to live. Mr. Lynch was engaged by the Tax Receiver's office here. John Mr. and Mrs. Lynch had trouble. John Mr. and Mrs. Lynch had trouble. John Mr. and Mrs. Lynch had trouble.

It was the East Wall of Wells, Fargo & Co.'s New Building.

Fifty Men Buried Under a Falling Wall in Jersey City.

Four Taken Out Dead and Many Are Fatally Injured.

Police and Citizens Working to Rescue the Imprisoned Men.

It was the East Wall of Wells, Fargo & Co.'s New Building.

Faulty Construction, Too Heavy Ironwork and High Wind Caused It.

A terrible disaster occurred in Jersey City at 3.30 o'clock this morning by which it is known four men were killed and a large number of others badly wounded.

The east wall of the new brick building in process of construction for Wells, Fargo & Co., on Pavonia avenue, near Coles street, Jersey City, fell with a loud crash, burying beneath the brick and timbers a large number of plasterers, bricklayers, iron-workers and other employees.

George Barrett, an iron worker, living at 1023 Third avenue in this city, was instantly killed.

One Italian workman, name unknown, died at St. Francis Hospital a few minutes after being taken there in an ambulance.

Another Italian workman died in a drug-store close by.

Another is planned, crushed to death, in the wreck.

At least six are fatally injured.

The names of some of the injured men are: NICOLO CERANO, aged twenty-eight, of Fourth street, Jersey City; right leg fractured and contusions on the head.

ARDELIO, GEMELLI, of 307 Fourth street, Jersey City; body badly bruised.

ARDELIO, BENNETTI, forty, of 438 Second street, Jersey City; serious contusions on the side and scalp wound.

THOMAS KERR, thirty-three, of 13 Montgomery street, Jersey City, wound on the forehead. He was not hurt badly and went home.

NICOLO CERANO, thirty-three, of 304 Heister street, New York; broke his collar bone.

NICOLO GEMELLI, 74 Colgate street, scalp wound.

EXTRA COLLAPSED.

Fifty Men Buried Under a Falling Wall in Jersey City.

Four Taken Out Dead and Many Are Fatally Injured.

Police and Citizens Working to Rescue the Imprisoned Men.

It was the East Wall of Wells, Fargo & Co.'s New Building.

Faulty Construction, Too Heavy Ironwork and High Wind Caused It.

A terrible disaster occurred in Jersey City at 3.30 o'clock this morning by which it is known four men were killed and a large number of others badly wounded.

The east wall of the new brick building in process of construction for Wells, Fargo & Co., on Pavonia avenue, near Coles street, Jersey City, fell with a loud crash, burying beneath the brick and timbers a large number of plasterers, bricklayers, iron-workers and other employees.

George Barrett, an iron worker, living at 1023 Third avenue in this city, was instantly killed.

One Italian workman, name unknown, died at St. Francis Hospital a few minutes after being taken there in an ambulance.

Another Italian workman died in a drug-store close by.

Another is planned, crushed to death, in the wreck.

At least six are fatally injured.

The names of some of the injured men are: NICOLO CERANO, aged twenty-eight, of Fourth street, Jersey City; right leg fractured and contusions on the head.

ARDELIO, GEMELLI, of 307 Fourth street, Jersey City; body badly bruised.

ARDELIO, BENNETTI, forty, of 438 Second street, Jersey City; serious contusions on the side and scalp wound.

THOMAS KERR, thirty-three, of 13 Montgomery street, Jersey City, wound on the forehead. He was not hurt badly and went home.

NICOLO CERANO, thirty-three, of 304 Heister street, New York; broke his collar bone.

NICOLO GEMELLI, 74 Colgate street, scalp wound.

moments, pulling away the bricks and timbers from the maimed limbs of the helpless workmen. The cries of the wounded men spurred on the rescuers' efforts, and they did heroic work.

A general ambulance call was sent out, and every hospital in the city promptly responded. As fast as the ambulances arrived, the injured men dug out were placed in them and sent to the hospital.

At 10.30 o'clock eight masons, twelve iron-workers and fifteen laborers had been taken out, each more or less injured, and sent to the hospitals, where full corps of surgeons were in attendance.

One man, the first dead man found, was crushed into an unrecognizable mass between the heavy iron girders.

He could not be gotten out, but could be seen by the rescuing party with two enormous girders resting across his body, pinning him to the ground. Thus far it has been impossible to remove them.

The greater part of the wounded men have been taken to St. Francis Hospital and the City Hospital.

All the men are hurt more or less seriously, and many of them will die.

Most of the workmen on the ill-fated building were Italians, and in the confusion it has thus far been impossible to ascertain their names.

The mason work on the building was being done by Contractor Michael Brennan, who was superintending the work at the time of the crash, but escaped injury.

Post & McCord, of 103 Broadway, this city, contractors, were doing the iron work.

It is understood that the iron girders used in the construction of the building were too heavy for the brickwork, and that their weight, under the high wind prevailing, was too strong for the hastily constructed wall and caused it to sway outward, thus releasing the hold of the girders and carrying everything down with the weight. The wall fell into a vacant lot.

There were known to be two little girls at play in the lower part of the building. They have not yet been found, and it is not known whether they were killed or not.

Great difficulty will be encountered in identifying the victims, as their names are not known even to their employers, each of the Italian laborers being distinguished only by a number.

Barrett's dead body was the first recovered. It lay on the floor nearly covered with debris. It was so terribly mangled that the strongest men turned sick.

The rescuers were at first afraid to enter the building, for fear the remaining walls would fall. They seemed though, on examination, to be safe.

It is believed that many bodies are still inside, and the work of rescue will be pushed till it is certain that all are found.

Two fire companies have been summoned to the scene to aid in the work of clearing away the debris and search for bodies.

Building Inspector Clark is on the ground and will make a rigid investigation.

EXTRA 2 O'CLOCK. GOT 2,000 VOLTS.

Foreman Tucker, of the East River Electric Company, Meets Feeks's Fate.

Killed on a Lofly Pole in the Second Avenue "L" Yard.

He Went Up to Superintend Repairs and Was Taken With a Fit.

Another lineman killed on the deadly electric wire.

It happened at 6 o'clock this morning in the yard of the Second Avenue Elevated Railroad at Sixty-sixth street and Second avenue.

The victim was James Tucker, foreman of linemen for the East River Electric Light Company.

Tucker was thirty-seven years of age and his home was at 311 East Twenty-first street. At 8.45 he began repairing a wire which was strong, with a number of others, from lofty poles across the elevated railroad yard.

A few minutes later he was seen to fall over the wires.

He lay there perfectly motionless. After what was really but a few moments of time, though it seemed an age, linemen climbed the pole and brought the foreman down.

He still breathed, but when an ambulance arrived from the Presbyterian Hospital he was pronounced to be dead.

His body was removed to the East Sixty-seventh street station-house and thence to Tucker's home in Twenty-first street.

The East River Electric Light Company was formed three years ago and has a capital of \$1,000,000. Its chief office is at 415 East Twenty-fourth street.

Seymour G. Smith is President of the Company and Edward Duffy is its Secretary. The Directors are John N. Hayward, John J. Moore, Z. J. Halpin, Meyer Thalmaninger and William H. Taylor.

The linemen who were in the yard said that Tucker was subject to fits, and that one of his seizures probably led to the catastrophe.

They professed to be unable to explain, however, how Tucker was killed even though he did accidentally fall over the wire.

It is probable that there was a leak in the insulation and that a current of 2,000 volts went through the unfortunate man's body.

Electric-wire tragedies have been frequent during the past two years. The following are the most notable ones:

Lineman George M. Kopp, of the United States Electric Light Company, killed on an overhead wire in front of the New Park Theatre August, 1889.

Haslam's Ypocrit, killed on wire at a window at 167 Broadway, May 14, 1890.

Lineman J. E. H. Feeks, killed at the corner of Centre and Chambers streets, Oct. 11, 1890.

Edward Quinn, killed in the shops of the Brush Electric Light Company, June 27, 1890.

Lineman Charles Edman, killed at No. 135 Grand street, Oct. 8, 1889.

Joseph Meek, killed at 232 Chrystie street, Sept. 15, 1889.

Lineman Darwin A. Henry, killed in the shops of the East River Electric Light Company Sept. 2, 1889.

Lineman Peter Clemen, of the North New York Lighting Company, killed at the corner of one hundred and fifty-sixth street and Third avenue, Dec. 9, 1889.

Clerk Henry Harris, killed by a wire in front of Bernard Callan's store, 975 Eighth avenue, Dec. 1, 1889.

Lineman Thomas Murray, killed at Broadway and Houston street May 4, 1888.

Lineman Patrick Sullivan, killed in the engine-room of the Manhattan Electric Light Company, Dec. 14, 1889.

Meyer Streiter, aged fifteen, killed at 10 Chatham square April 15, 1889.

Foreman Frederick Simons, of the United States Electric Light Company, killed at No. 49 Vesey street, Jan. 21, 1887.

COOMBS WINS BY NINE VOTES.

Result of the Official Canvass in the Third Congressional District.

It is now officially decided that William J. Coombs is the Congressman-elect from the Third District, and that William C. Wallace lacks nine votes of re-election. This is the result ascertained by the official canvass of the votes by the Kings County Board of Canvassers.

District-Attorney Ridgway, who has watched the count for Coombs, claims to have discovered errors that will raise the Democratic tally to 14. The totals as announced are: Wallace, 15,031; Coombs, 15,040.

It is stated that if the ballots cast for Mr. Coombs were counted his plurality would be about 100. Several ballots, on which the name of Mr. Wallace was scratched out and the word "Coombs" written in its place, were rejected as defective.

Fixed. Mr. Wallace do not yet concede his defeat, but intimates that the election will be contested in the House.

COL. KENNON'S SUDDEN DEATH.

The sudden death in Brooklyn of Col. Beverly Kennon, of Washington, is announced this morning. He came on yesterday, with his wife and daughter, to be present at the last moments of Mrs. Kennon's father, ex-Judge Grosvenor, at 113 Columbia Heights.

Col. Kennon went out for a walk late in the afternoon, and was attacked on the street with cerebral hemorrhage and died in a few minutes.

Col. Kennon was about thirty years old. He was in the Fourth, and in early life was an officer in the navy. He resigned to enter the Confederate service. After the war he entered the service of the Revenue of Seattle, and while in that service invented the circular float.

Mrs. Kennon is the granddaughter of the wife of George Washington. Col. Kennon's father, Commodore Kennon, was killed by the explosion of a shell on the man-of-war Princeton in 1854, at the same time that Secretary of the Navy Upshur was killed.

bridge players were as retired and as little disturbed as they would be in their own college rooms. He "had seen a fellow" who had heard that Holcomb, Yale's plant center, "straight tip" from Mrs. Gardner's and Northampton.

Each train from Boston added to the Harvard contingent a goodly number, while Yale's supporters were more straggling. From Yale of Harvard, chuck full of the latest pointers are

Such amusing information is peddled out by them. Here is a sample of the stories that are told and to circulate.

A Harvard man came into the Massachusetts about the middle of last evening, much excited. He "had seen a fellow" who had heard that Holcomb, Yale's plant center, "straight tip" from Mrs. Gardner's and Northampton.

Always on the eve of a great athletic contest between Harvard and Yale, the characters who "have just not a fellow" from Yale of Harvard, chuck full of the latest pointers are

Such amusing information is peddled out by them. Here is a sample of the stories that are told and to circulate.

A Harvard man came into the Massachusetts about the middle of last evening, much excited. He "had seen a fellow" who had heard that Holcomb, Yale's plant center, "straight tip" from Mrs. Gardner's and Northampton.

Always on the eve of a great athletic contest between Harvard and Yale, the characters who "have just not a fellow" from Yale of Harvard, chuck full of the latest pointers are

Such amusing information is peddled out by them. Here is a sample of the stories that are told and to circulate.

A Harvard man came into the Massachusetts about the middle of last evening, much excited. He "had seen a fellow" who had heard that Holcomb, Yale's plant center, "straight tip" from Mrs. Gardner's and Northampton.

Always on the eve of a great